The

SAPPHIRE

1939

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The 1939 SAPPHIRE

Published by
THE SENIOR CLASS
OF
FASSIFERN SCHOOL
HENDERSONVILLE
NORTH CAROLINA

DEDICATION

To CATHERINE HOWARD, *who has loved us faithfully,*
Taught us patiently,
And piloted us safely through four years,
We, the class of '39, affectionately
Dedicate this SAPPHIRE.

SAPPHIRE STAFF

CECELIA ANN DAVIS ..... *Editor-in-Chief*
LYDIA MUNROE ..... *Assistant Editor-in-Chief*
ALICE STEPP ..... *Business Manager*
EDWINA DAVIS ..... *Assistant Business Manager*
FRANCES MERSEREAU ..... *Feature Editor*
NANCY ABERNETHY ..... *Assistant Feature Editor*
ANN PETTIGREW ..... *Art Editor*
DOROTHY CULVER ..... *Photographic Editor*
*MISS BULL ..... *Faculty Adviser*
*MISS GREGG ..... *Faculty Adviser*

*No picture

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ADMINISTRATION

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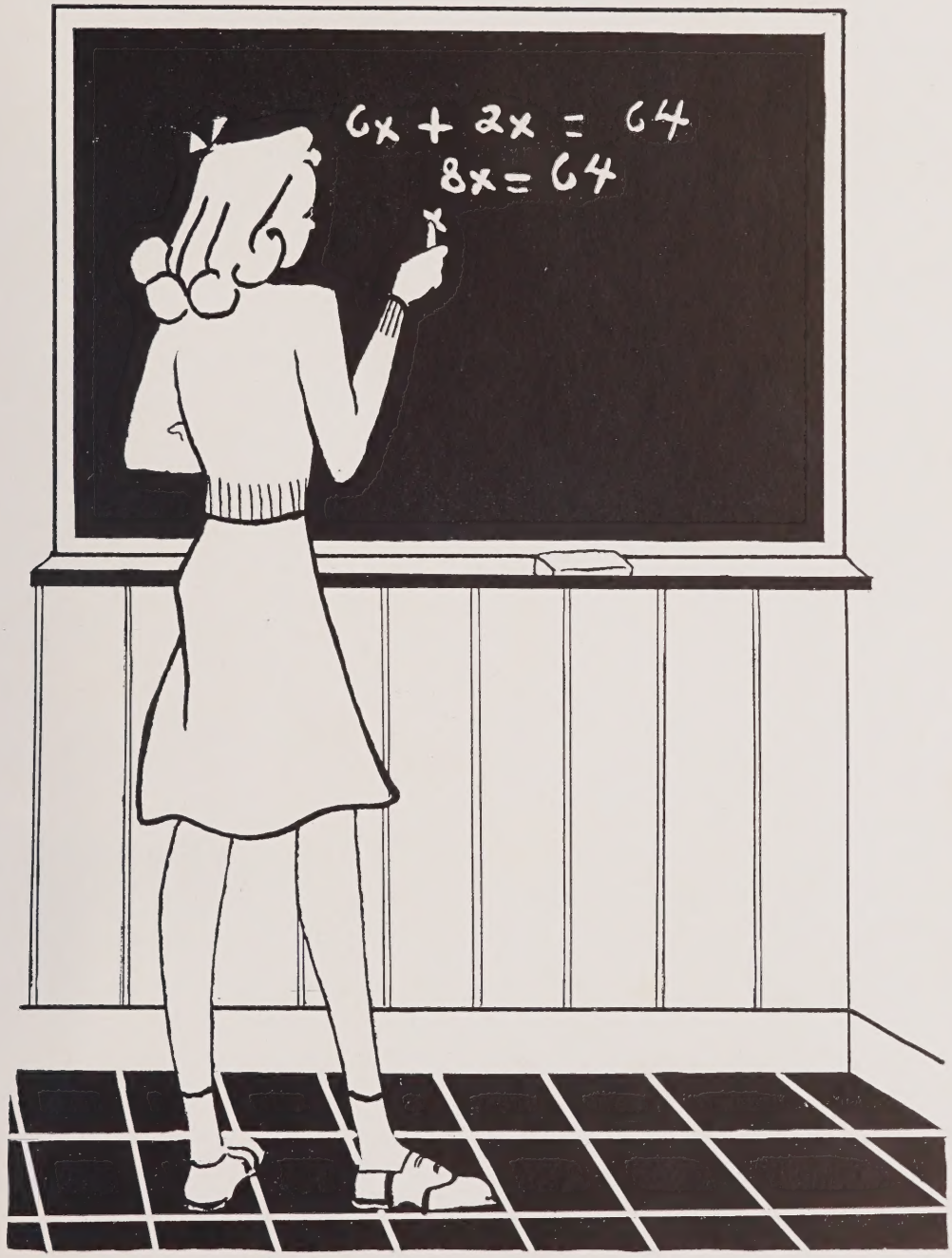
MRS. EMMA A. SUTTON
*MISS LOTTIE E. WILLIAMS

*No Picture

Miss Catherine Howard

SENIOR
CLASS
SPONSOR



CLASSES

Corinne Brittingham Brooks

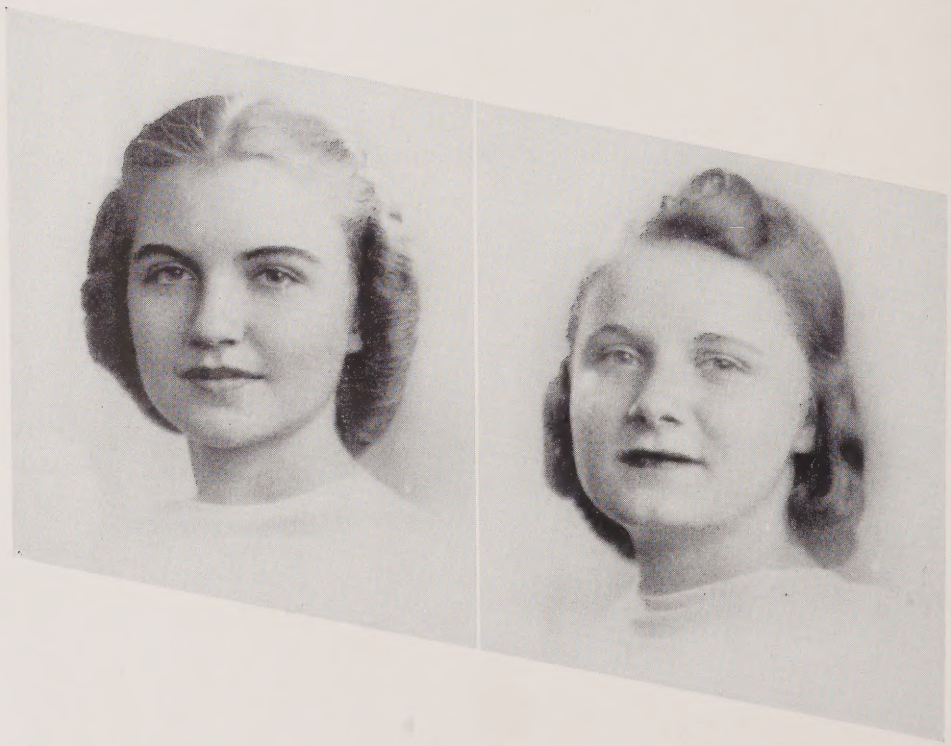
Because of you we will be glad and gay.
Remembering you we will be brave and strong.

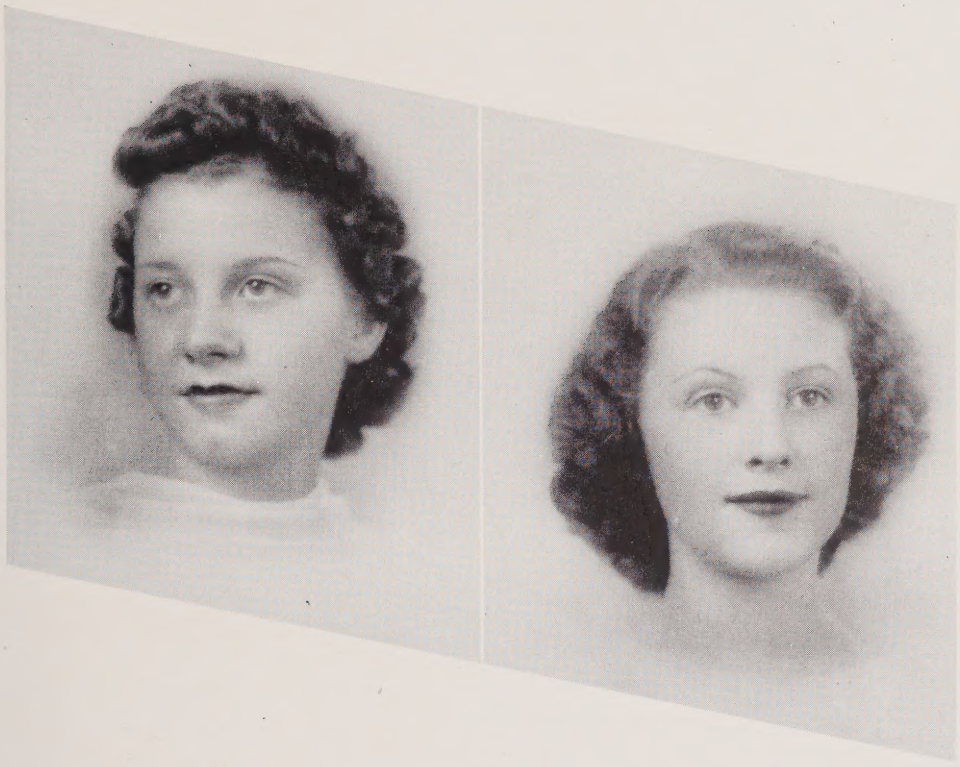
Entered from Matahambre Grammar School, Matahambre, Cuba, 1935; Glee Club 2, 3; Dance Club 3, 4; Music Club 3; Hiking Club 4; Phi Gamma Tau Sorority 1, 2, 3, 4; Vice-President of Class 2; President of Junior and Senior Class; Vice-President of Phi Gamma Tau Sorority 3, 4; May Court 2; Junior Marshal 3; Student Council 2, 4; Superlative—"Best All 'Round" 3; May Queen 4.

Ruth Josephine Thomas

I know what's what.

Entered from Abbot Academy, Andover, Massachusetts, 1938; Hiking Club; Riding Club; Lambda Delta Sorority; Vice-President of Class, second semester 4.





Marian Louise Maxwell

Her music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

Entered from Knoxville High School, Knoxville, Tennessee, 1937; Glee Club 3, 4; President of Glee Club 4; Music Club 3, 4; Vice-President of Music Club 4; Vesper Choir 3; Dramatic Club 3, 4; President of Dramatic Club 4; Vesper Cabinet 3, 4; French Club 4; Secretary of Class 4; Lambda Delta Sorority 3, 4; Superlative—"Most Charming" 4; Hiking Club 4.

Ruth Evelyn Jones

Love is a beautiful dream.

Entered from Irvine High School, Irvine, Kentucky, 1937; Glee Club 3, 4; Dramatic Club 3, 4; Charter Member of Thespian 4; Program Chairman of Dramatic Club 4; Music Club 3, 4; President of Music Club 4; Vice-President of Glee Club 4; Scribblers Club 4; Treasurer of Class 4; Lambda Delta Sorority 3, 4; Riding Club 3.

Nancy Yow Abernethy

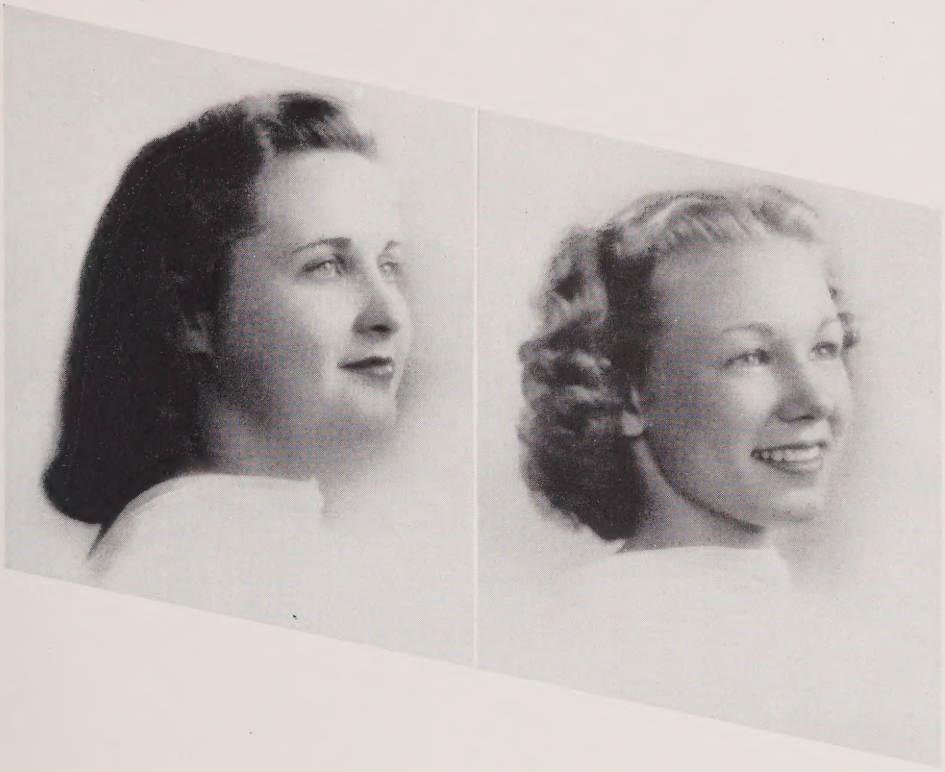
Something between a hindrance and a help.

Entered from Hall Fletcher Junior High School, Asheville, North Carolina, 1935; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Vice-President of Dramatic Club 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Vesper Choir 3; Scribblers 3, 4; Charter Member of Thespian 4; Superlative—"Wittiest" 3; Assistant Feature Editor of SAPPHIRE 4; Lambda Delta Sorority 1, 2, 3, 4; French Club 4; Gossip Editor of "Stardust and Sawdust" 3; Program Secretary of Dramatic Club 4.

Glenna Barnes

A loving heart is the beginning of all knowledge.

Entered from Greenville Junior High School, Greenville, Tennessee, 1935; Secretary of Class 1; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Secretary of Glee Club 3, 4; Lambda Delta Sorority 1, 2, 3, 4; Secretary of Lambda Delta Sorority 3; Dance Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Vesper Cabinet 2, 3, 4; Treasurer of Vesper Cabinet 3; President of Vesper Cabinet 4; Attendant to May Queen 3; Dramatic Club 3, 4; Secretary of Dramatic Club 4; Maid of Honor to Carnival Queen 2.



Lois Adele Braznell

Wine that maketh glad the heart of man.

Entered from Miami Beach Senior High School, Miami Beach, Florida, 1937; Vesper Cabinet 3, 4; Treasurer of Vesper Cabinet 4; French Club 3, 4; Vice-President of French Club 4; Lambda Delta Sorority 3, 4; President of Lambda Delta Sorority 4; Glee Club 3, 4; Riding Club 3, 4; Music Club 3, 4; Student Council 3.

Dorothy Jean Culver

Those eyes the greenest of things blue
The bluest of things grey.

Entered from Miami School for Girls, Miami, Florida, 1935; Lambda Delta Sorority 1, 2, 3, 4; Riding Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Vesper Cabinet 2, 3, 4; Vice-President of Vesper Cabinet 4; Secretary of Vesper Cabinet 3; Music Club 2; Dance Club 2, 3; Vesper Choir 2, 3; Superlative—"Best Sport" 2, 3, 4; Student Council 3; Photographic Editor of SAPPHIRE 4.

Cecelia Ann Davis

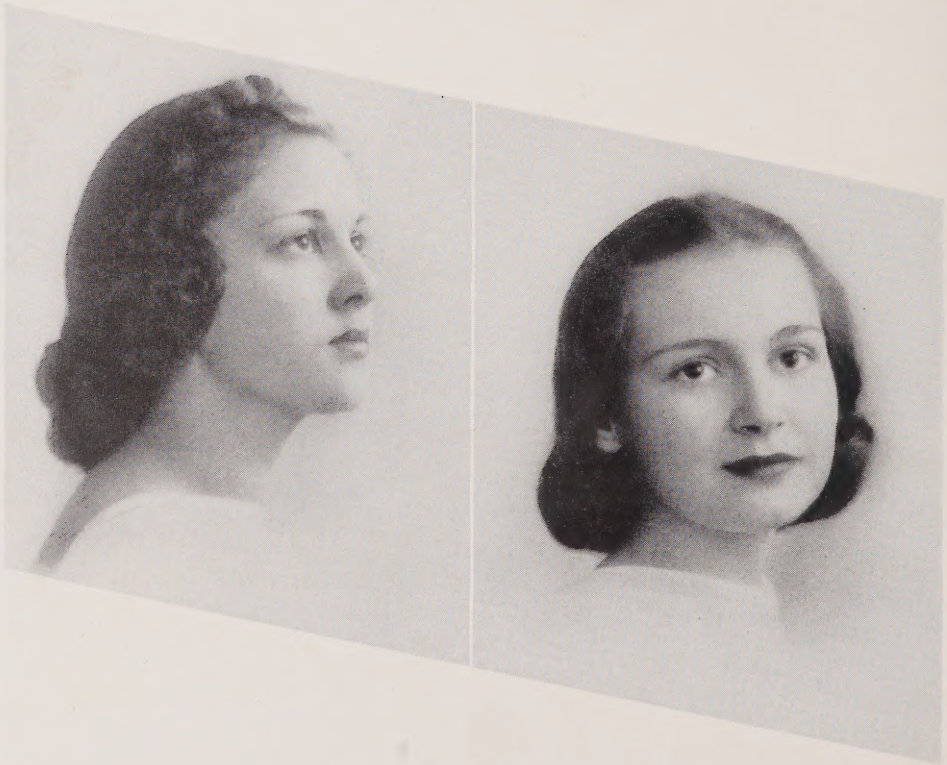
All that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes.

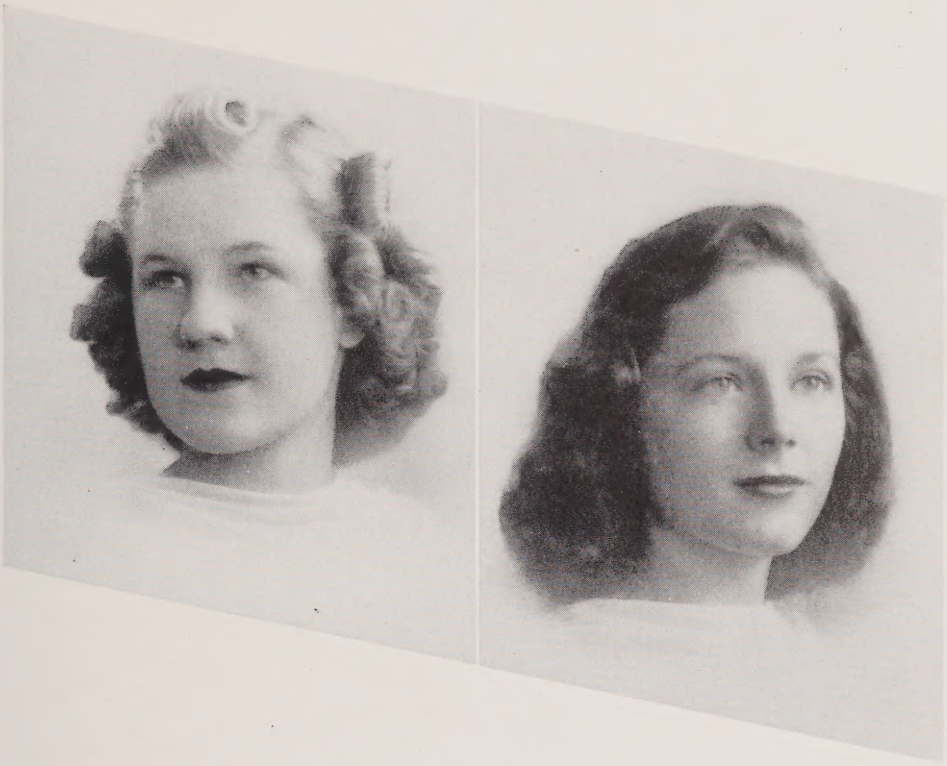
Entered from Irvine Grade School, Irvine, Kentucky, 1935; Music Club 1; Glee Club 1; Lambda Delta Sorority 1, 2, 3, 4; Treasurer of Class 3; Dramatic Club 4; Editor-in-Chief of SAPPHIRE 4; Assistant Business Manager of SAPPHIRE 3; Superlative—"Best Looking" 4; Junior Marshal 3; Student Council 3.

Caroline Fall Elliott

Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even.

Entered from Loretta Academy, El Paso, Texas, 1935; Phi Gamma Tau Sorority 1, 2, 3, 4; President of Phi Gamma Tau Sorority 3, 4; Dramatic Club 3, 4; Dance Club 3, 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Riding Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Council 2; Attendant to May Queen 2; Vice-President of Class 3; Superlative—"Most Attractive" 3; Charter Member of Thespian 4; Junior Marshal 3; Monitor 4; Maid of Honor 4.





MARY MARGARET ESTES

She hath a daily beauty in her life.

Entered from Gay-Oakland High School, Gay, Georgia, 1938; Phi Gamma Tau Sorority; Glee Club; Dramatic Club; Hiking Club.

ROSAMOND MCALLISTER GRAVES

A hit, a very palpable hit.

Entered from Abbot Academy, Andover, Massachusetts, 1938; Phi Gamma Tau Sorority; Dramatic Club; Charter Member of Thespian; French Club.

Leah Augusta Hoyle

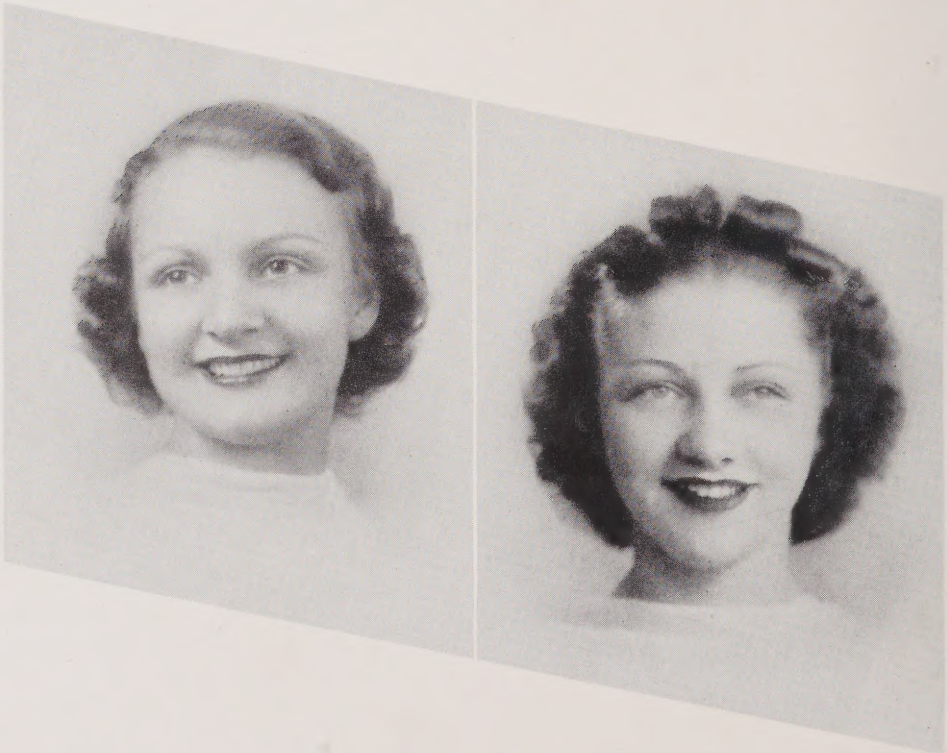
Beauty in the heart breaks like a flower.

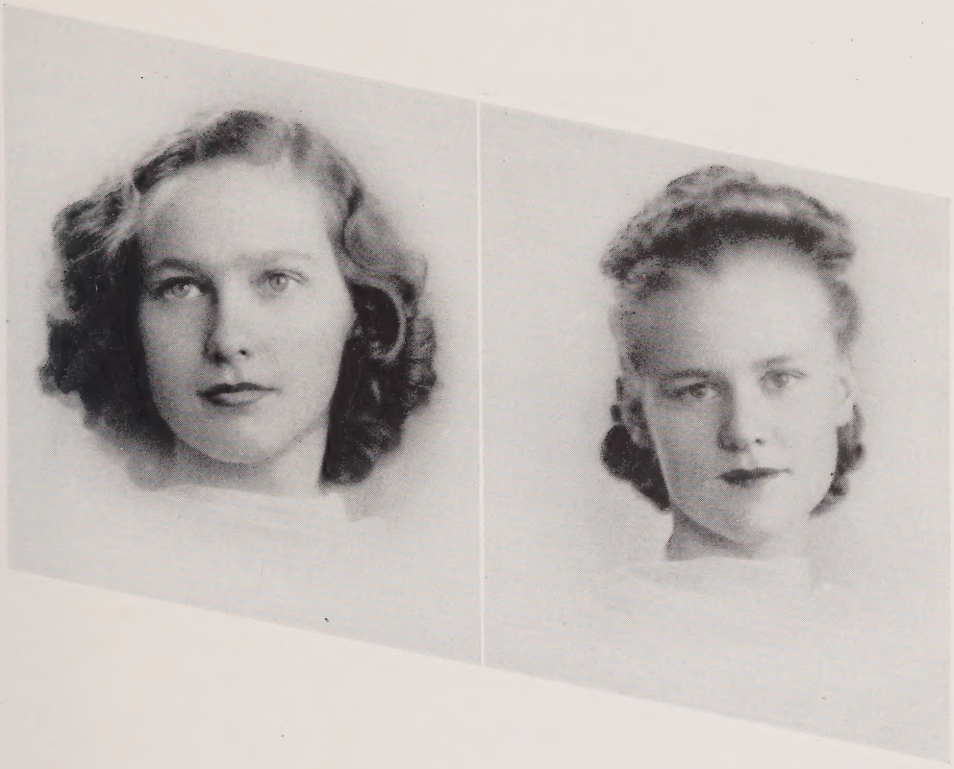
Entered from Bradley High School, Cleveland, Tennessee, 1938; Lambda Delta Sorority; Charter Member of Thespian; Dramatic Club; Dance Club; Glee Club; Hiking Club; French Club; Superlative—"Best Student" 4.

Frances Porcher Mersereau

There is no wisdom like frankness.

Entered from Oneida Junior High School, Schenectady, New York, 1936; Glee Club 3, 4; Hiking Club 4; Scribblers Club 2, 3, 4; Feature Editor of SAPPHIRE 4; Joke Editor of "Stardust and Sawdust" 3; Secretary of Class 3; Art Club 2; Lambda Delta Sorority 2, 3, 4; Secretary and Treasurer of Scribblers Club 4.





Martha Rainey Meteer

The enthusiastic and pleasing illusion of youth.

Entered from Greensboro High School, Greensboro, North Carolina, 1937; Lambda Delta Sorority 3, 4; Glee Club 3, 4; French Club 3, 4; President of French Club 4; Dramatic Club 4; Librarian of Glee Club 3, 4.

Lydia Ann Munroe

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

Entered from Canadian Academy, Kobe, Japan, 1936; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Vesper Choir 3; Music Club 2, 3, 4; Secretary and Treasurer of Music Club 3, 4; French Club 4; Scribblers Club 2, 3, 4; President of Scribblers Club 4; Dramatic Club 3, 4; Lambda Delta Sorority 2, 3, 4; Vesper Cabinet 3, 4; May Court Attendant 3; Assistant Editor of SAPPHIRE 4; Charter Member of Thespian 4; Hiking Club 4; Superlative—"Most Versatile" 4.

Frances Elizabeth Peebles

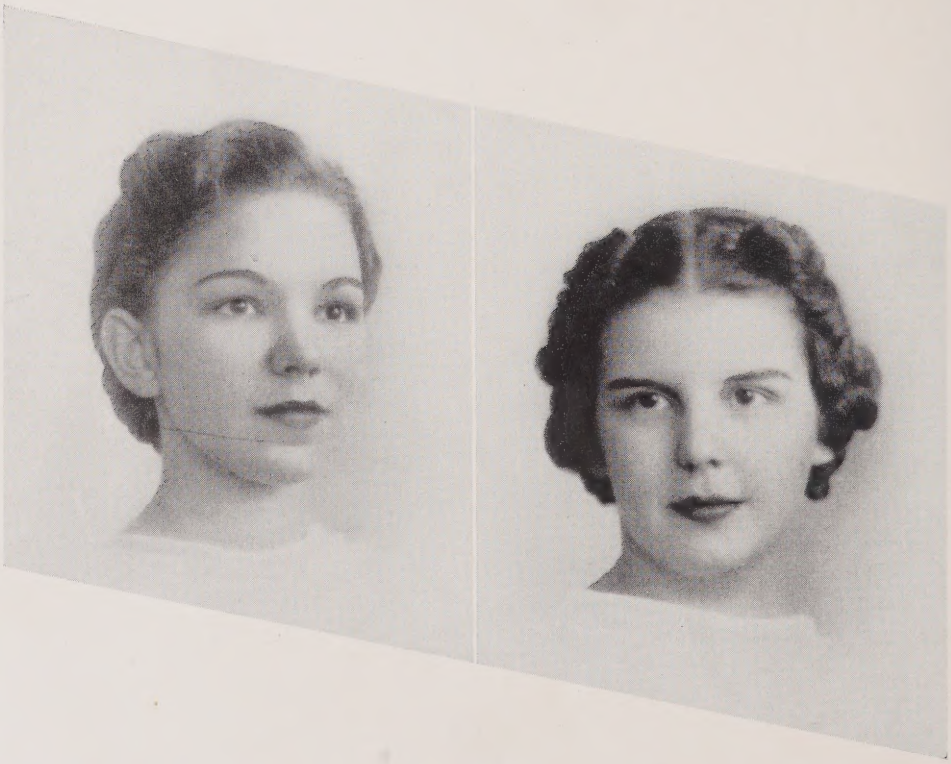
The very flower of youth.

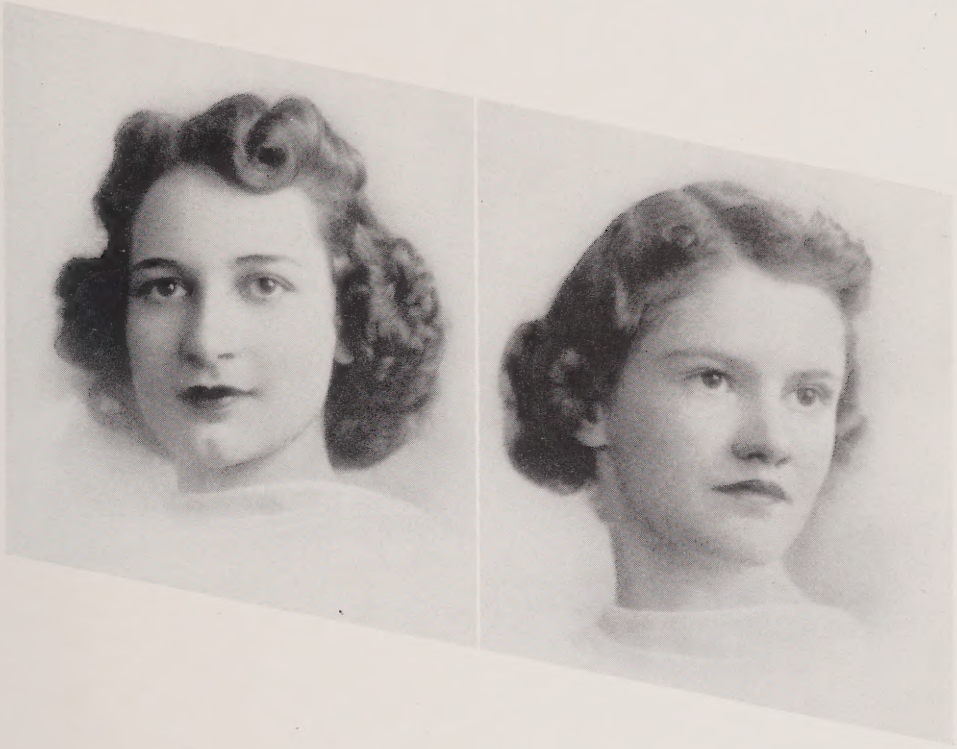
Entered from Hendersonville High School, Hendersonville, North Carolina, 1935; Lambda Delta Sorority 1, 2, 3, 4; Art Club 4.

Kathryn Garnet Revels

For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?

Entered from Winthrop Training School, Rock Hill, South Carolina, 1937; Glee Club 3, 4; Dramatic Club 3, 4; Program Secretary of Dramatic Club 4; Lambda Delta Sorority 3, 4; Vice-President of Lambda Delta Sorority 4; Vice-President of Senior Class, first semester; Carnival Queen 3; Student Council 3.





MILDRED SILVIA ROTHENBERG

Happy am I, from care I'm free!
Why aren't they all contented like me?

Entered from Girl's High School, Atlanta, Georgia, 1938; Glee Club; Scribblers Club; Dramatic Club; Riding Club; Hiking Club; Lambda Delta Sorority.

MARY JOHNSTON STAMPER

The sweetest thing that ever grew beside a human door.

Entered from Bradley High School, Cleveland, Tennessee, 1938; Hiking Club; Lambda Delta Sorority.

Alice Elizabeth Stepp

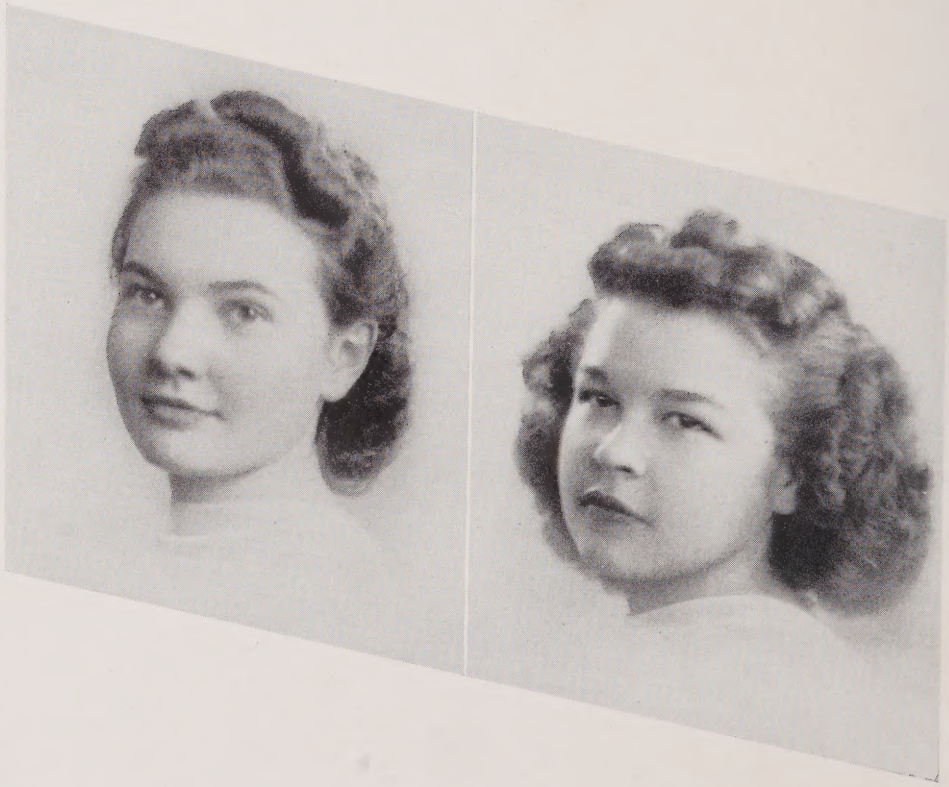
Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers.

Entered from Hendersonville High School, Hendersonville, North Carolina, 1934; French Club 3, 4; Secretary of French Club 4; Lambda Delta Sorority 1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Marshal 3; Business Manager of SAPPHIRE 4.

Lucy Little Tillett

My heart is like a singing bird.

Entered from Pineland College, Salemburg, North Carolina, 1938; Riding Club; Phi Gamma Tau Sorority.



POST GRADUATES

Gladys Marion Barrett

Entered from Baldwin High School, Birmingham, Michigan, 1938; Lambda Delta Sorority; Art Club; Riding Club; Hiking Club.

Clara Cole Sherrod

Entered from High Point High School, High Point, North Carolina, 1938; Glee Club; Lambda Delta Sorority.

Beatrice Monica Herring

Graduate of Fassifern, 1938; Phi Gamma Tau Sorority.

Ruth Ann Stepp

Entered from Hendersonville High School, Hendersonville, North Carolina, 1938; Lambda Delta Sorority.

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

We are, we fully realize, an unusually large and surprising class. By surprising, we mean amazing, unique, different in thought, word, and deed (perhaps mostly deed). At any rate we shall endeavor to put on paper for you the history of how we came to be what we are today.

To begin with, it was one of those delightfully-lush, heavily-scented nights in Carolina in the month of September. Now, well you know that the month of September is the month when Education slowly and painfully wakes herself from summer slumber and once again marches steadily and relentlessly over her span of nine, endless months. Well, on this warm, moonlit night in Carolina, Education had one eye half open and was sniffing the air for the first signs of winter in which she might take her usual exercise.

Then came the fall in earnest, as shown by the fleeing, brisk October days. Then winter reared her blustery, snowy head. And so it was in this winter of '33 and '34 that the Senior Class of today got its start.

It was a cold night in January that a small, chubby little girl heaved a great sigh as her mother tucked her in bed.

"What do you suppose it will be like, Mother?" she asked sleepily.

Tomorrow this little girl was to enter the second term of the sixth grade in the big, white-columned building up on the hill. Yes, she was actually going to become a member of Fassifern School. And, dear reader, believe it or not, the chubby little girl was no other than Alice Stepp.

So a year passed and once again Education slumbered and again opened her eyes on a warm September night. This time she sat up with interest for she saw a good enlargement of the Sub-Freshman Class. For dwelling under the columns this year were Margaret Camden Hundley, Polly Cunningham, Martha and Mary Douglas, Madge Dycus, Mary Jane Kemp, and Alice Stepp. My, What an improvement! And here another year slipped away.

When 1935-36 arrived, we were really quite a mammoth class. Alice Stepp, Cam Hundley, and Madge Dycus were with us still. Polly was back again—fat and jolly as ever, and was immediately elected president of the class. Mary Jane was also back and she became vice-president. For our secretary and treasurer we had a new member, Glee Barnes—cute little rascal she was too.

It was in our Freshman year that we were so lucky as to have Miss Katy Howard become our sponsor, guide, and adviser. She has loved us, taught us, and put up patiently with our ups and downs through four happy years.

Our other new members consisted of Nancy Abernethy, Corinne Brooks, Jane Clark, Dorothy Culver, Cecelia Ann Davis, Carrie Elliott, Virginia Eells, Elizabeth Gridley, Do Kithcart, Gerry Nibur, Frances Peebles, Patricia Rankin, and Edna Smith. It seems, from pictures seen here and there, that skirts were very long and hair very short that year.

By the time 1936-37 was in full swing, we were the largest class in school. The new additions for the year were Clara McCrary, Jane Hilliar, Lois Murdock, Holly Renick, Lydia Munroe, and Frances Mersereau.

Polly again was unanimously chosen for president, Corinne shone out in second place as vice-president, Gerry as treasurer, and Mez as secretary. Our class has now hit the high point of twenty-one.

We never will forget the show that Polly and Glee gave us as roommates. The two of 'em decided that long, white flannel night gowns were the style for the year, and when they started jumping out of the way of pursuing mice in those things - - - well! It was screamingly funny.

We'll never forget Gerry and Carrie's wild west riding either.

The ducks that Dot raised that spring were delicious. We all wish that she'd kept up the custom.

In 1937-38 we were sorry to lose some of our classmates, but we had a nice group of new girls—Kathryn Revels, Mary Stamper, Anne Stuart, Martha Meteer, Marian Maxwell, Ruth Jones, and Lois Braznell.

So we took over the responsible job of being Juniors and living in Cameron Hall. For our officers this year we promoted Corinne to the presidency. Carrie was vice-president, Gerry was secretary, and Cecelia held the nerve-wracking job of treasurer. And so another year, crammed full of work and play, tears and laughter, joys and sorrows, fled by us.

We had a time keeping the candy store and tea house in order and running at the correct time. But we managed and did very well, too, when it came to giving the honored seniors their final banquet.

We also found that the girl with the richest, sweetest voice in school was a member of our own class—no other than Marian.

We'll never forget what a rush we had at the end of school to get the daisy chain ready for the seniors. We never could have made the grade without Mrs. Woody's and Miss Williams' help.

And so finally, in the fall of '38, we reached the long-worked-for, ever-looked-forward-to goal of seniority. We moved with pride into Virginia Hall and took up our positions as leaders of the school.

We elected Corinne as president again, Kat Revels for vice-president during the first semester, and Ruth Thomas in her place for the second semester as Kat had to leave us because of her unfortunate fall. Ruth Jones was elected treasurer, and Marian Maxwell secretary.

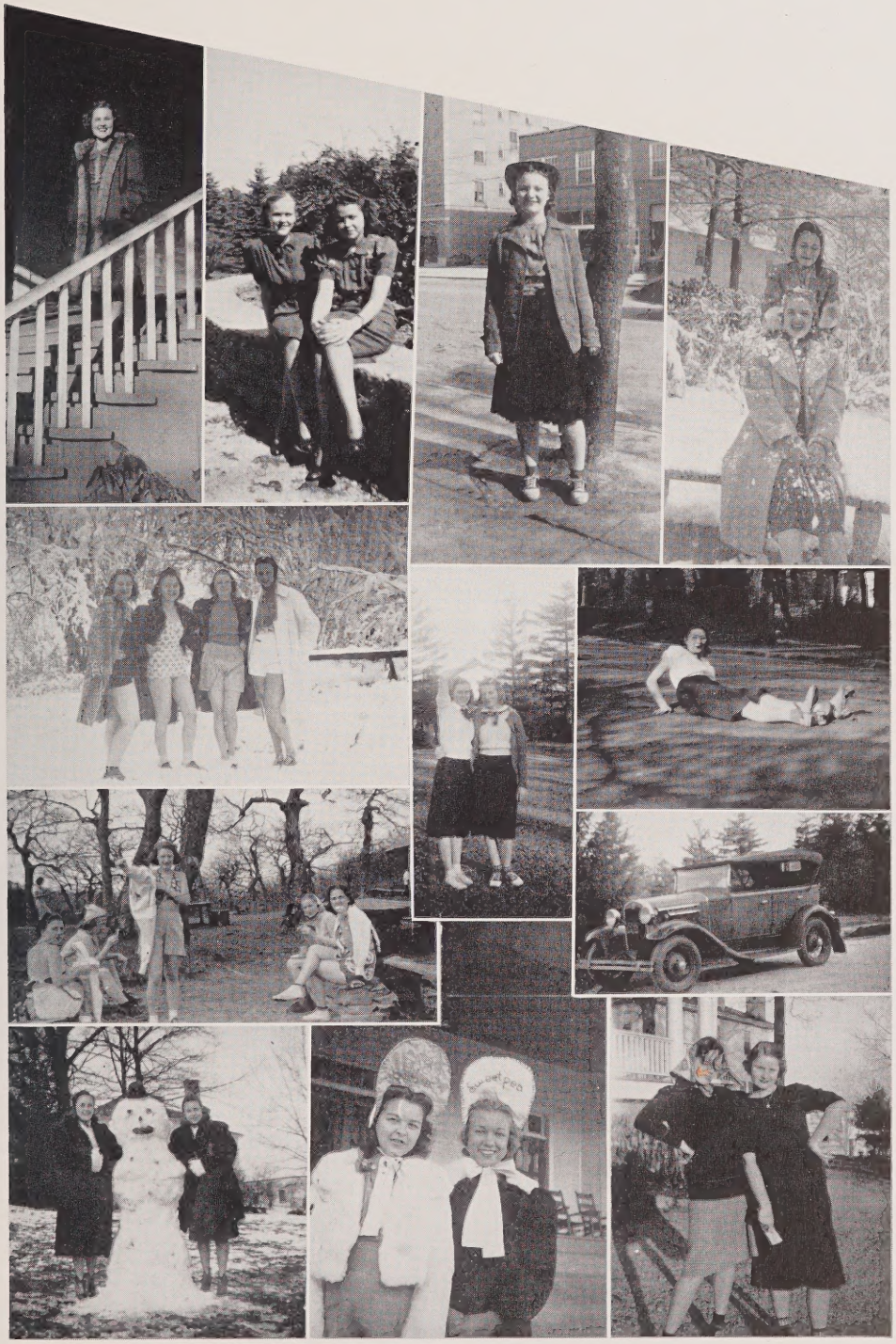
We had a good many new girls with us this year. Tootsie Sherrod, Gladys Barrett joined our ranks as post graduates, and Bee Herring was back again also for a post graduate course. We think maybe she loved us too much to leave for good. Lucy Tillett, Mary Estes, Augusta Hoyle, Rosamond Graves, Millie Rothenberg, and Ruth Stepp all joined us this year, and it's a good thing, too, because Ann Stuart, Holly Renick, Edna Smith, Patricia Rankin, Lois Murdock, and Do Kithcart all left us.

Well, we got off to a good start, but it didn't last for long. We're such a big class that we got in our own way. We'd nearly catch up to those senior privileges and then—bang! Something would happen, and they'd slip away from us for a month or two. Then we'd concentrate just terribly hard on being very good and model seniors and we'd be almost up on them again when bang! Something else would happen and we'd be right back where we were before. Finally, the last month of school, we caught up with some of them. Well, we wish the future seniors better luck!

We've all had an awful lot of fun at Fassifern. We've made many good friends, and now at last the time for parting with its tears, excitement, white caps and gowns, speeches, and daisy chains is upon us.

And so our diplomas mark the closing of a door upon a joyful past, as we enter new worlds where we may have only very happy memories of the days that were realities at Fassifern.

FRANCES MERSEREAU.



SENIOR SNAPS

SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY

Going to the World's Fair? We thought so! Why not stop and visit a certain famous professional crystal gazer whom we know there?

We've already consulted him, and he kindly consented to call forth the powers in his mysterious crystal and tell us what we'll be doing in the year 1955.

Now 1955 is a long way off. Sixteen years is time enough for anything to happen to anyone as you shall see.

First, we enter one of the new buildings at the Fair. The padded elevator shoots us up forty floors before we have time to breathe twice. Some of us still have the sensation that our stomachs were miraculously left on the first floor. The elevator door slides silently open, and we find ourselves in a hall of monel metal trimmed with imposing slabs of pink marble. Queer! There isn't a door in the length of the hall—just a lot of little buttons with name plates under each. So we select one of the buttons, push it, and back slides a slab of pink marble! We enter a large cool waiting room, perfectly empty, save for a deep, soft, silver rug covering the entire floor. Again we see a series of buttons and plates upon the wall. Each one releases a square in the floor and rug, and up come stairs, lamps, ash trays, magazine-covered tables, and any piece of furniture one might desire. We're all rather amazed and sink a bit skeptically into the deep chairs.

A panel in the wall slides back, and we see a young girl seated at a white leather desk.

"Please come in. The Professor is ready for you now," are the words she greets us with.

So we enter an office as large and beautiful as it is useful. This office is made completely of white leather, monel metal, and glass. The Professor, a tall, slender, dark man with long, tapering fingers, rises to greet us, and sees to it that we are comfortably seated around a large, round, leather and glass table. In the middle of this table stands a beautifully-wrought pale-blue crystal globe mounted in carved ivory. It is veiled in yards and yards of snowy Chinese silk.

Upon learning the reason for our visit, the Professor smiles and tells us he thinks he can reveal what we wish to know. First, we draw our chairs close and concentrate. Then he unveils his crystal and in accents clear and low and very oriental, this is the future he discloses for us, the Seniors, of nineteen hundred and thirty-nine:

"I see for Miss Abernethy a brilliant theatrical career. She is a second Hedy Lamarr, and an unequaled Glamour Queen of America!

"Next I see Glenna Barnes head of the social work in America, having had excellent training as supervisor of the work at Tiger."

For a moment the Professor stopped speaking. We sat in awe-struck silence, grasping our chairs in suspense.

"Ah, I see Miss Barrett, known and praised in Paris, London, New York—all the world. She is the outstanding dress designer of her day, creating new sensations every season.

"The crystal shows me a skilled concert pianist, Miss Braznell. She is touring the continent and is everywhere royally received."

The scene changes—it is in far away Cuba where Miss Corinne Brooks is serving a useful term as ambassador.

"I see Miss Culver in the newsreels, splashing through the foam to be a new American swimming champion in the Olympics."

Silence pervades the room as he hesitates, waiting for the crystal to clear. And then a smile wrinkles the corner of his mouth.

"At last, I see the future 'MISS AMERICA'. It is Miss Davis, whose sparkling dark eyes have changed the favor of the opposite sex from blond to brunette.

"My crystal shows me now the millionaire heiress Miss Elliott gazing intently through her field glasses at the flying hoofs of her undefeated race horse 'Carrots'.

"And now, I see the red hills of Georgia and a lovely home. Why, there is Mary Estes looking out of the window and beside her—well, we will let her find that out for herself!

"What's this! A crowd of caps and gowns and in the middle I see Dr. Graves being awarded the Phi Beta Kappa key at Harvard University for her extensive research work on the human mind.

"I see an article in a newspaper announcing that the former Miss Herring is the proud mother of a Freddy, Jr.

"My crystal is clouded by a mass of whirling skirts. Oh! it clears. I see Miss Hoyle, the new dancing idol of America.

"For Ruth Jones I see in the crystal that she is destined to be a famous torch singer, being accompanied by a popular swing orchestra. In private life she has a lovely house in Michigan.

"I see the charming Miss Maxwell singing the part of Isolde in Wagner's famous opera. She is now a prima donna of the Metropolitan opera.

"I see Frances Mersereau has surpassed her hopes, for she is the private secretary of the newly elected President, the Honorable John Sevier.

"Ah, what a sight! I see Miss Martha Meteer, the American champion tennis player, slamming a whizzer. She is contemplating going professional.

"I see Lydia Munroe tearing her hair as she rushes an article off to the press room on the recent Asiatic War Crisis. She is now the Editor of the *New York Times.*

"I see an article in *Believe It or Not* which says that Frances Peebles is the smallest girl ever to become a professional model.

"And now, my crystal shows me that Kathryn Revels is traveling in Europe in search of a handsome ex-King.

"I see Miss Rothenberg is professor of Dramatic Arts at William and Mary. She is still trying not to eat candy—with the same results.

"I read in my crystal that Miss Sherrod, who is one of the 'Four Hundred', is giving a ball to announce her engagement to America's No. 1 play boy.

"The crystal clearly shows that Miss Mary Stamper is knitting socks for the soldiers of the third Great War. She has become very wealthy from her newly invented knitting machine.

"I see that Alice Stepp is playing a beautiful pipe organ in St. Peter's Cathedral.

"For Ruth Thomas I see in my crystal the intriguing position of chief interpreter for the President of Central America.

"I see Lucy Tillett still trying to convince everyone that she is just three years old. In spite of her sixteen years of hibernation, she has just won a metal for the largest collection of fraternity pins in the world.

"My globe is growing misty, but I still can see Ruth Stepp as assistant manager of the joint Hendersonville and Asheville theatres. But alas, my vision fades. I see no more."

For a long moment we sit awe-struck, gazing at the mystical crystal which had so wonderfully pierced the cloudy future and given us a glimpse into our lives to come. We sit spell-bound until the Professor, smiling slyly to himself, lifts the snowy silk and buries its magical powers in billowing folds.

As if awaking from a dream we thank the crystal gazer and turn to leave the white leathered room. Across the deep soft silver rug, through the monel metal hall trimmed in pink marble, down the flying elevator, and out into the burning sun. Here we part. Shall we meet again? Who knows!

FRANCES MERSEREAU AND LYDIA MUNROE

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, the Class of '39, being of sound mind, body, and spirit, do hereby dispose of our treasured possessions on this twenty-ninth day of May, nineteen hundred and thirty-nine.

ARTICLE I

TO THE JUNIOR CLASS WE LEAVE:

Item 1. The bounty of our senior privileges.
Item 2. All Coca-Cola bottles that we may have left in Senior Hall.
Item 3. And, as usual, what's left of the traditional "Senior Dignity."

ARTICLE II

Item 1. I, Nancy Abernethy, do will and bequeath my wit and my ability to heckle Mr. John Sevier to distraction to Ann Stamper.

Item 2. I, Glenna Barnes, do will and bequeath the spotlight on Buncha's car to Betty Ann Pearce.

Item 3. I, Gladys Barrett, do will and bequeath all my artistic abilities to Edwina Davis, in hope that they may be of some assistance in future art contests.

Item 4. I, Lois Braznell, do will and bequeath the rattle of a certain, small, blue Ford, to Betsy Fleming, in hope that she will enjoy it as much as I have.

Item 5. I, Corinne Brooks, do will and bequeath a copy of the story of Miles Standish and John Alden to every member of Fassifern, so that they may know the thrilling story of the past two years of my life.

Item 6. I, Dorothy Culver, do will and bequeath my love of fun and all the bounties of my good sportsmanship, to Janet Simpson.

Item 7. I, Cecelia Ann Davis, do will and bequeath all the hymnal-passing and bell-ringing to Agnes Drake, in hope that it will keep her as busy as it has me.

Item 8. I, Carrie Elliott, do will and bequeath my wild west "horse sense" to Mary Frances Wilson.

Item 9. I, Mary Estes, do will and bequeath my terrific typing speed to all the future young typists.

Item 10. I, Rosamond Graves, do will and bequeath all my Yankee sophistication to Ann Ferrara.

Item 11. I, Bee Herring, do will and bequeath any and all P. G. courses to those who are interested, for one day with Fred.

Item 12. I, Augusta Hoyle, do will and bequeath my foot size (size 4) to Carlie Jackson, in hope that she may get around as well as I do.

Item 13. I, Ruth Jones, do will and bequeath my ability for constantly falling head-over-heels in love, to Peggy Sadler in hope that she will pick as many cute boys as I have.

Item 14. I, Marian Maxwell, do will and bequeath the richest tones of my voice to Antoinette Robinson for future use in Glee Club rehearsals.

Item 15. I, Frances Mersereau, do will and bequeath my enormous appetite to Pat Bell. May she flourish and be nourished.

Item 16. I, Martha Meteer, do will and bequeath all my medals won in jitterbug contests to Mary Gregory.

Item 17. I, Lydia Munroe, do will and bequeath my ability for being good without being a sissy to Sudie Bond.

Item 18. I, Frances Peebles, do will and bequeath my size and weight to Mickey Littlegreen.

Item 19. I, Kathryn Revels, do will and bequeath my dimples to Dotty Cook, in hope that they will match well her laugh.

Item 20. I, Mildred Rothenberg, do will and bequeath my black curls to Florence Pettigrew, in hope that she can use them when she becomes old and bald.

Item 21. I, Clara Cole Sherrod, do will and bequeath my never-quenched thirst for Coca-Colas to Finley Schottland, in hope that she may be able to reduce on a liquid diet.

Item 22. I, Mary Stamper, do will and bequeath my loud and boisterous character to Mary Ryan, in hope that she will profit by it as much as I have.

Item 23. I, Alice Stepp, do will and bequeath all my A's to Ann Porter to help her to become a senior more quickly.

Item 24. I, Ruth Stepp, do will and bequeath my ability for being late to first period classes and for thinking up good excuses to all future day students for their convenience.

Item 25. I, Ruth Thomas, do will and bequeath my fluency in Spanish to all floundering, struggling, Spanish students.

Item 26. I, Lucy Tillett, do will and bequeath some of my linguistic celerity to Elizabeth Jardine, in the hope that in the future her tongue may get around the way mine does.

Signed, countersigned, undersigned, and oversigned by the Seniors of 1939, who now add their names to those on the Fassifern "Shelf of Memories."

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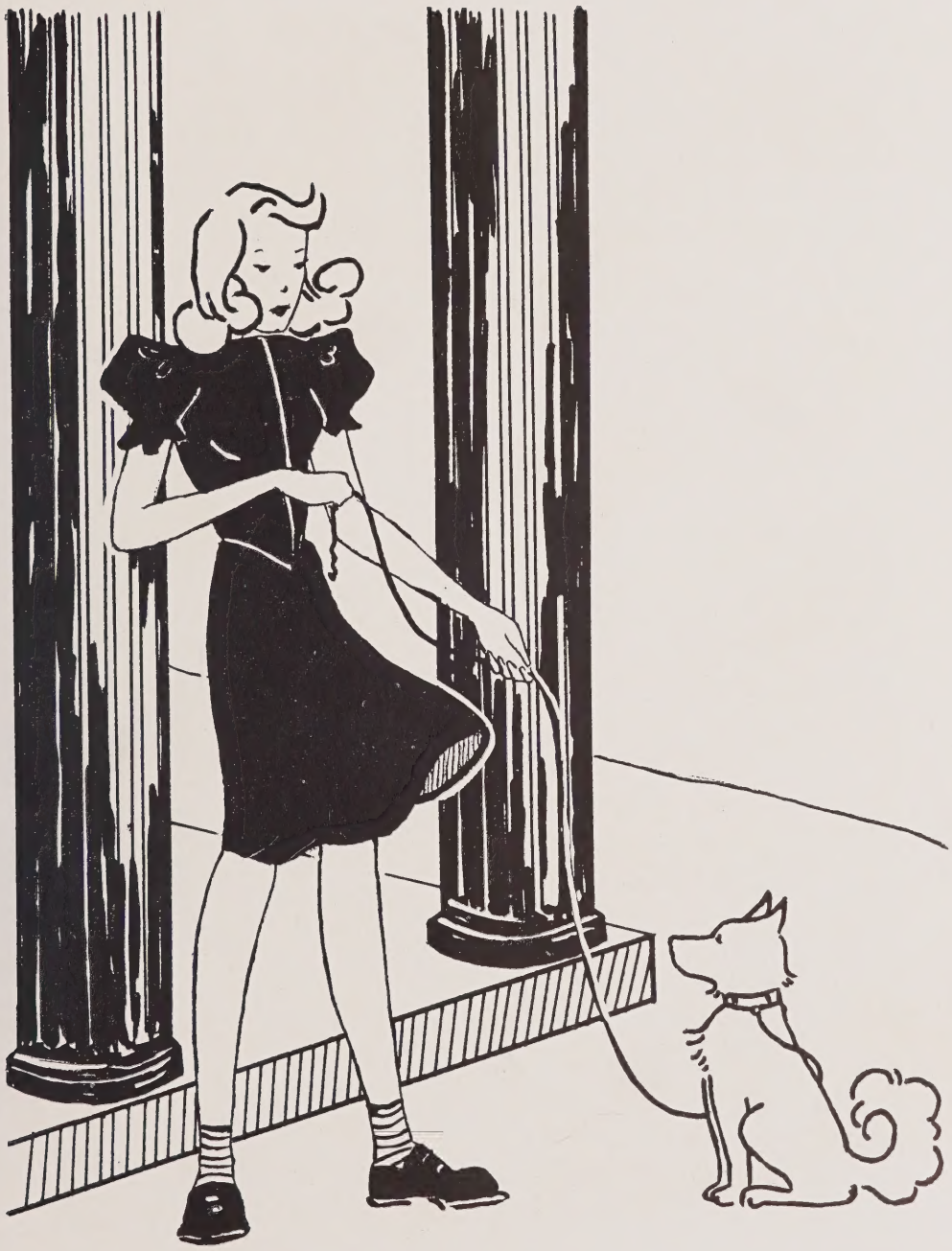

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Carnival Queen

Marian Maxwell

Most Charming

Ann Pettigrew

Most Original

Cecelia Ann Davis

Best Looking

Lydia Munroe

Most Versatile

Augusta Hoyle

Best Student

Dorothy Culver

Best Sport

ETERNAL THOUGHTS

(SONNET)

The things of earth no longer blurr my vision,
For they are vain and soon shall pass away.
Even the glowing sunset streaked in crimson
Fades into shadows at the close of day.
Life with its silver cup of joy o'er flowing
Spills precious drops of gold into the night,
While sacred moments soon forgot are going
Fast down the turbulent stream and out of sight.
Only the thoughts of souls live on forever.
Ethereal beauty has yet eternal life
So deep in the heart of God that none can sever,
Not even man's worldly woes and futile strife
On through the rolling ages bringing new light,
These thoughts inspire the world to change wrong to right.

—LYDIA MUNROE.

WAR

The nation's colors flying high,
Cheers and shouts drown those who cry,
A blast of trumpets, men wave goodbye—
Yet only a few hearts dare to sigh.

The sound of wild wolves in the night,
High screech of vultures in their flight,
The stench of death o'er the lone sight,
Groans of men by the weird trench light—
No wonder the mighty fear to fight.

The ceaseless tread of aching feet,
Wild screams of agony in sleep,
Tears over friends who ne'r shall meet—
This is war's aftermath complete.

—LYDIA MUNROE.

DAWN, NOON, DUSK

DAWN

The light of a spring dawn walks out of the black velvet night and touches all with rosy splendor. A new day in spring is about to be born. The soft, blue hills stretch themselves skyward, and the faint green on the trees moves ever so lightly in the breeze's perfumed breath. A brilliant mass of flowers lifts sleepy, dew-drenched heads toward the warm glow which heralds the rising sun. A perfect carol winds its way from a happy bird's throat into the clear air, and the sound of its pure notes reflects itself again and again through the expectant quietness. Then with a burst of resplendent glory the sun marches grandly onto the horizon, starting again its daily trip upward toward the zenith.

NOON

The sun, at noon, stops overhead to rest for a minute. Looking down it smiled at what it saw . . . . . .

A school boy dreaming out of the window—his professor sitting in front of him, book open, glasses on the end of his nose—both man and boy momentarily lost to the world of reality, transported to the land of adventure and make-believe.

In the shade of an oak tree a tiny baby is lulled to sleep in its cradle by the steady drone of honey bees as they work in nearby honey-suckle.

A blacksmith lets his heavy hammer rest for a moment, and the fire in his forge burns low.

An editor tosses aside his pen, tears up his editorial, and throws open his window to gaze out upon the heat of midday.

A farmer plowing his land leads his horses to the shade o'er hanging a cool brook. While they drink their fill, he takes off his hat and wipes away the sweat of his own labor across his shirt sleeve, and his eyes are those of a man dreaming.

Everywhere the sun looks, as it rests midway in its daily circuit, it finds a brief spell cast. Then suddenly, as the sun begins its descent, the spell is broken and the world rushes again into a turmoil and fever of mad hurry to get the day's work done before the sun sinks to rest below the horizon.

DUSK

The deep purple of dusk quietly clothes the earth in peaceful drowsiness and mutes the heavy tread of the marching feet of Time.

In the hush the bird's liquid song dies in his throat, and he and his mate fly off to seek their nest.

The boy leaves his books, and the man leaves his plow.

The trees that whispered at dawn are now perfectly still. The flowers draw in their fragrant petals, their sleepy heads droop over leafy shoulders, and they slumber as the dew falls.

A slender crescent swings low over the trees, and a star winks itself into an ice-blue spark in the fathomless deep above.

The quietness that surrounds the very breath of life, and commands even the breezes to stop their play, is the welcome close of a soft spring day.

—FRANCES MERSEREAU.

EASTER BONNETS

A bit of woven straw, a starched and pert net bow, a few straw flowers, and you have an Easter bonnet valued anywhere from two to ten dollars. Or maybe you prefer something in the way of a doll's hat—a small crown with something resembling a chick-a-biddy on the very top, and a brim that covers one eye only, with an under-the-chin bow.

Have you ever envied the person who gets away with the sky-scraper felt—the one that has a tassel on the end and a purplish band around its garden style brim? And the pill box style covered with fruit, fowls, and flowers is also something that sends the blood racing savagely through one's veins. But, if you desire to appear sane and unmistakably peoplish, you might try a chapeau with only a feather sticking out of its medium height crown and a nice little band with a blending color running around it.

—ANN PETTIGREW.

PEN PORTRAITS

A SNAPSHOT

A pair of clumsy, horn-rimmed glasses were perched precariously on the edge of his flat nose as the dreamy-eyed professor gazed into the future, seeing—nothing.

A MOUNTAIN LAKE

In the midst of the mountains, its placid face reflecting all the beauty, lies the tiny lake. When a balmy breeze happens that way, its waters shimmer. As the noon sun rises high, this pond becomes a mass of golden glory; when the pale moonlight shines, it is the image of purity.

THE MOUNTAIN STREAM

Gurgling down the mountain side, swirling in smooth-holed rocks, dashing against bolders, tumbling down chasms, echoing in caves, drifting across the plain—thus journeys the mountain stream forever.

BOYHOOD

Sky-blue eyes danced mischievously as a knee-high scamp dipped an eager, black hand into a pot of mouth-watering jam.

OVER THE CITY

Over the city hung a fog of indigestible smoke— a combination of train, factory, and boat smoke.

CHINESE INTERLUDE

The stage was a ghastly green when an oriental god, as a cat, appeared with wild flames leaping hungrily from the gaping mouth, the wide eyes, the open ears.

SUMMER EVENING

Seated in a high, rusty car, his grey-black mop of frizzled hair flying and his wax-like cheeks flushed, he rode bumpily over the corduroy road.

SILHOUETTE

Winter had taken possession of the wild, bleak land. Fields lay saturated in stagnant water. Great masses of gray forbidding stone balanced like grim sentinels on the soggy furrows. From the low-hanging sky came a monotonous drizzle. A solitary figure, with ragged coat held closely, ploughed through the mud. Over his low forehead hung a rusty hat. At his side plodded a bedraggled dog, tail between legs and hair hanging in drenched mats.

—ELIZABETH JARDINE.

STUDY HALL

I was studying my Latin— at least I was supposed to be doing that— when my gaze wandered over to (Mind you, I am studying!) Well, let's say two or three rows back, seven or eight desks away. There was a girl interested in her work! I thought, "Now, why can't I do that?"

But I just kept watching. Pretty soon I discovered why she was so interested in her letter— Oh! Pardon me, her work.

Again I let my thoughts wander from my book (?). Suddenly I came to and found myself staring at a note which was going the rounds— "Have you any red ink to match my stationery?"

Tomorrow in class I'll hear, "Mr. Woody, I didn't have time to do my home work. I had such a lot of things to do."

And so Study Hall passes!

—BETTY HICKS.

TOGETHERNESS

Two old friends
They are happy, seated
Before an open fire
Reminiscing . . . . . .
Two young friends
Sitting on a park bench
Dreaming of days to come.

—NANCY ABERNETHY.

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If, as you peruse the pages of the SAPPHIRE and are impressed with their excellence, you too, would like to avail yourself of our services whether annuals or commercial printing we'd deem it a favor if you would ask us to call.

Observer Printing House, Inc.

College Annual Department

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

ADDRESSES

Dr. Jos. R. Sevier—*Something Good* . . . . . Fassifern School, Hendersonville, N. C.
Mrs. Jos. R. Sevier—*My Lady* . . . . . Fassifern School, Hendersonville, N. C.
Mr. S. L. Woodward—*The Flowers That Bloom in the Spring* . . . . . Ackerman, Miss.
Mrs. S. L. Woodward—*You're So Necessary* . . . . . Ackerman, Miss.
Mr. John L. Sevier—*Telling My Troubles To A Mule* . 1214 Oakland St., Hendersonville, N. C.
Miss Margaret Bull—*Twenty-four Hours A Day* . . . . . 3908 Wythe Ave., Richmond, Va.
Miss Jeanne Coyne—*Coffee In the Morning* . . . . . Lake Mahopac, N. Y.
Miss Grace Donnald—*Weed-end of A Private Secretary* . . . . . Easley, S. C.
Miss Eleanor Ethridge—*You're An Angel* . . . . . Sparks, Georgia
Mrs. Addie F. Garvin—*If You Can Dish It* . . . . . 654 Ravenel St., Spartanburg, S. C.
Miss Margaret Gregg—*I Love to Rhyme* . . . . . 311 E. Main St., Rock Hill, S. C.
Mrs. J. B. Hillhouse—*Young In Heart* . . . . . Calhoun, Ga.
Miss Jean Holt—*Now You're Talking My Language* . . 1022 Monmouth Ave., Durham, N. C.
Miss Catherine Howard—*The Perfect Waltz* . . . . . 286 N. Main St., Canandaigua, N. Y.
Mrs. Norma R. Sandifer—*Streamlined Mama* . . . . . 434 Sixth Ave., Hendersonville, N. C.
Miss Dorothea Stadelmann—*Could You Pass In Love* . . . . . Jeffersonville, N. Y.
Mrs. Emma A. Sutton—*Music After Midnight* . . . . . Blountville, Tenn.
Miss Lottie E. Williams—*I Don't Want to Get Well* . . . . . Rt. 1, Monroe, N. C.
Nancy Abernethy—*You Don't Have To Tell Me* . . . . . 216 Shelburne Rd., Asheville, N. C.
Sara Balentine—*After Looking At You* . . . . . 510 Rutherford St., Greenville, S. C.
Glenna Barnes—*On A Sunday Afternoon* . . . . . 1103 Richmond Rd., Lexington, Ky.
Gladys Barrett—*String Along With Me* . . . . . 720 Kennesaw Ave., Birmingham, Mich.
Patricia Bell—*Tutti-Fruitti* . . . . . Red Springs, N. C.
Sudie Bond—*Are You In the Mood for Mischief* . . . . . 317 College St., Elizabethtown, Ky.
Katie Boyett—*K-K-K-Katy* . . . . . Nashville, Ga.
Lois Braznell—*What Have You Got That Gets Me* . . . . . 4310 Collins Ave., Miami Beach, Fla.
Corinne Brooks—*Love Is Where You Find It* . . Minas de Matahambre, Prov. Pinas del Rio, Cuba
Dorothy Cook—*This Is A Happy Little Ditty* . . . . . Ceballos, Cuba
Claire Cox—*Heigh-Ho, The Merry-O* . . . . . Druid Hills, Hendersonville, N. C.
Dorothy Culver—*All-American Girl* . . . . . 5847 N. Alton Road, Miami Beach, Fla.
Cecelia Ann Davis—*Let's Stop the Clock* . . . . . 202 Broadway, Irvine, Ky.
Edwina Davis—*Laugh and Call It Love* . . . . . 202 Broadway, Irvine, Ky.
Agnes Drake—*Love Doesn't Grow on Trees* . . . . . 180 East Main St., Spartanburg, S. C.
Carrie Elliott—*Rhythm of the Range* . . . . . 1725 Arizona St., El Paso, Texas
Mary Estes—*Happy As A Lark* . . . . . Gay, Ga.
Ann Ferrara—*Mutiny In The Nursery* . . . . . Fassifern School, Hendersonville, N. C.
Betsy Fleming—*Time On My Hands* . . . . . 529 Taylor St., Bristol, Tenn.
Virginia Fry—*Be Optimistic* . . . . . Lindberg Forest, Knoxville, Tenn.
Rosamond Graves—*Sophisticated Lady* . . . . . 420 Melrose Ave., Winter Park, Fla.
Mary Gregory—*I'm Just A Jitterbug* . . . . . Cleveland Hotel, Spartanburg, S. C.
Bee Herring—*Havin' Myself A Time* . . . . . 627 Palmetto St., Spartanburg, S. C.
Betty Hicks—*Do the Buckaroo* . . . . . Chaparra, Oriente, Cuba
Virginia Houston—*Jeepers Creepers* . . . . . Brevard Rd., Hendersonville, N. C.

Augusta Hoyle—*Ten Easy Lessons* . . . . . 2401 Ocoee St., Cleveland, Tenn.
Carlie Jackson—*I'm A Yank* . . . . . Honey Hollow Farm, Hauppauge, N. Y.
Elizabeth Jardine—*Stay As Sweet As You Are* . . . . . Mountain Home, N. C.
Ruth E. Jones—*Variety Is The Spice of Life* . . . . . 294 Main Street, Irvine, Ky.
Judy Kirtland—*This Is Madness* . . . . . Tuxedo, N. C.
Edna Klein—*Little Miss Broadway* . . . . . 374 Park Hill Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.
Jacky Lane—*Joobalai* . . . . . 1230 Hyman Ave., Hendersonville, N. C.
Jill Lane—*As Long As You Live* . . . . . 1230 Hyman Ave., Hendersonville, N. C.
Louise Lazarus—*My Heart Is Taking Lessons* . . . . . 831 Oakland St., Hendersonville, N. C.
Elizabeth Littlegreen—*Don't Let That Moon Get Away* . . . . . Lookout Mountain, Tenn.
Jean Manice—*Small Fry* . . . . . Box 10, Augusta, Ga.
Roberta Maybank—*You're A Sweet Little Headache* . . . . . 800 Richland St., Columbia, S. C.
Marian Maxwell—*And The Angels Sing* . . . . . 107 Chilhowee Drive, Knoxville, Tenn.
Frances Mersereau—*I Promise You* . . . . . 1189 Ardsley Road, Schenectady, N. Y.
Martha Meteer—*Jitterbug* . . . . . Maxwell Apts., Hendersonville, N. C.
Helen Moore—*You're As Pretty As A Picture* . . . . . Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana
Lydia Munroe—*Say! Where Do You Live* . . . . . 232 Altondale Ave., Charlotte, N. C.
Helen O'Neal—*Put Your Heart In A Song* . . . . . Kensington Road, Hendersonville, N. C.
Lillian Overton—*Funny Little Song* . . . . . 306 Spring Street, Hendersonville, N. C.
Yvette Padgett—*Kiss Me With Your Eyes* . . . . . 1303 N. Greenway Drive, Coral Gables, Fla.
Betty Ann Pearce—*April In My Heart* . . . . . 1792 S. W. 11th Street, Miami, Fla.
Frances Peebles—*Between A Kiss And A Sigh* . . . . . Hendersonville, N. C.
Betty Perkins—*Why Must I Dream* . . . . . Care of Minico Co., Hendersonville, N. C.
Ann Pettigrew—*It's The Strangest Thing* . . La Plantation Dauphin, S.A., Cape Haitien, Haiti
Florence Pettigrew—*Name It and It's Yours* . . La Plantation Dauphin, S.A., Cape Haitien, Haiti
Ann Porter—*Cuban Pete* . . . . . 584 Orme Circle, Atlanta, Ga.
Kathryn Revels—*Dark Eyes* . . . . . 154 Lucas Street, Rock Hill, S. C.
Antoinette Robinson—*Illusion* . . . . . Blythe Street, Hendersonville, N. C.
Mildred Rothenberg—*Two Tickets to Georgia* . . . . . 801 Washington St., S. W., Atlanta, Ga.
Mary Ryan—*For The First Time* . . . . . Chesnee, S. C.
Peggy Sadler—*I Want My Share of Love* . . . . . 2700 Selwyn Ave., Charlotte, N. C.
Finley Schottland—*Every Day's A Holiday* . . . . . 1 Starling Street, Martinsville, Va.
Clara Cole Sherrod—*Mirrors Don't Tell Lies* . . . . . 1106 N. Main Street, High Point, N. C.
Janet Simpson—*It's The Natural Thing To Do* . . . . . 807 Sherrod Ave., Florence, Ala.
Sissy Smith—*Deep In A Dream* . . . . . Hotel James, Marion, N. C.
Ann Stamper—*There's A Sunny Side To Every Situation* . . 3102 Church St., Cleveland, Tenn.
Mary Stamper—*By Candle Light* . . . . . 3102 Church Street, Cleveland, Tenn.
Alice Stepp—*Heaven Can Wait* . . . . . Flat Rock Road, Hendersonville, N. C.
Ruth Stepp—*I've Got A Moonlight Date* . . . . . 420 King Street, Hendersonville, N. C.
Maureen Thomas—*Simple and Sweet* . . . . . Port Limon, Costa Rica
Ruth Thomas—*Somewhere With Somebody Else* . . . . . Port Limon, Costa Rica
Lucy Ann Tate—*Be A Good Scout* . . . . . Box 115, Hendersonville, N. C.
Lucy Tillett—*You Leave Me Breathless* . . . . . Shenandoah Valley Academy, Winchester, Va.
Patricia Warner—*All Mixed Up* . . . . . Box 488, Seabreeze Station, Daytona Beach, Fla.
Barbara Wilson—*That Certain Age* . . . . . 1820 S. W. 12th Street, Miami, Fla.
Helene Wilson—*Silver On The Sage* . . . . . 1820 S. W. 12th Street, Miami, Fla.
Mary Frances Wilson—*Don't Be That Way* . . . . . 1820 S. W. 12th Street, Miami, Fla.
Mary Wood—*My Own* . . . . . Fassifern Court, Hendersonville, N. C.

BONERS ORIGINAL AND OTHERWISE

A swain is a female swan.

* * *

Mama Hillhouse: (In Bible) In what order do the Gospels come?

Ruth Evelyn Jones: One after the other.

* * *

Mr. Sevier: (In history class) What has the government done to protect the Indians?

Martha Meteer: Put them in reservoirs.

* * *

Mrs. Sutton: (In history class) What was the Persian's contribution to mathematics?

Mary Ryan: They gave us the dismal system.

* * *

A tantrum is a two seated bicycle.

* * *

Mr. Woody: (In geometry) Sudie, what is a triangle?

Sudie: A circle with three corners to it.

* * *

Women die twice as often as men.

* * *

Miss Bull: (In Latin class) What were the tablets on which the Gauls used to write called?

Millie: Gaul stones.

* * *

Mr. Woody: (In science class) Which is more important, the sun or the moon?

Peggy Sadler: The moon because it shines at night when you need the light.

* * *

The wife of a marquis is a mayonnaise.

* * *

Miss Coyne: (On 4th grade history quiz) Who was John Wannamaker?

Barbara Wilson: He was the first dead-partmen store.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO THE SENIORS IF:

They had got their privileges in October.

Nancy stopped talking and got down to Good Housekeeping.

Glenna no longer got special delivery air mails from Jack.

Gladys stopped drawing spring fashions.

Lois quit listening for Willy P's Ford to rattle by.

Brooksie understood geometry.

Dot caught up with the rest of the class in English.

Cecelia Ann stopped ringing bells and being stage manager.

Carrie were no longer Miss Howard's right-hand man.

Mary Estes found a roommate who was physically fit.

Rosamond and Miss Stadelmann got along at play rehearsals.

Bee could bookkeep as well as she can housekeep.

Augusta failed a test.

Ruth Evelyn ever finished the baby blue sweater for Shank.

Marian stopped dreaming of C. H. M. A.

Mez forgot Crawford.

Meteer got to history class on time.

Lydia decided where her heart lay.

Frances couldn't get to Brevard or visa versa.

Millie stayed in speech class two days in succession.

Tootsie forgot West Virginia and got down to her fractions.

Mary Stamper made lots of noise.

Alice had to walk to school.

Ruth Stepp stopped going to the Carolina.

Ruth Thomas would forget Nappy and join the police force.

Lucy fell out of love.

The Braznell-Powers-Thomas triangle got straightened out.

John stopped springing daily quizes on his history class.

Yours truly,

—Cecelia Ann Davis and Martha Meteer.

* * *

APRIL 28

You've heard about the shoemaker's children, but have you heard about our night watchman? His three daughters eloped!

HENDERSON COUNTY GENEALOGICAL
AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY INC
400 NORTH MAIN STREET
HENDERSONVILLE, NC 28792

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